

edward johnson building
faculty of music
university of toronto



GREAT SINGERS SERIES

in co-operation with

C B C RADIO

presents

PROGRAM I

MAUREEN FORRESTER, CONTRALTO

THOMAS MURACO, piano

RIVKA GOLANI-ERDESZ, viola

WALTER HALL

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1981

8 P.M.

Unbewegte laue Luft, Op. 57, No. 8

The night air is mild and warm; all is peace. But my blood pulses hotly, seeking life's fulfilment. Do you not hear my call? Come quickly, and find contentment and joy. (Daumer)

Meine Liebe ist grün, Op. 63, No. 5

My love is as green as the lilac, and as fair as the morning sun. My soul has wings, like the nightingale singing, intoxicated by the lilac scent. (F. Schumann)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Op. 105, No. 2

Vague forebodings disturb my sleep. I dream you are calling, but no one comes. I awake in tears and longing. My death approaches; you will find love elsewhere. If you would see me before I die, before the birds return, come--oh, come soon! (Lingg)

Botschaft, Op. 47, No. 1

Soft breeze, carry this message to my love. Stay at her side, playing gently with her hair. If she asks, tell her: "He was in despair, but may recover if you think of him!" (Daumer)

Von weiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1

An evening landscape. A young couple walks from the village through the woods to her home. He asks solemnly: "Are you ashamed of our love? If you are, it will pass away and dissolve like the dew." But she answers; "No, our love is strong as iron and firm as steel, but more steadfast than either--as steadfast and changeless as gold. Our love is eternal." (Wenzig)

VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE/FOUR SERIOUS SONGS, Op. 121

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

For that which befalleth the sons of man befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they all have one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him? (Eccles.iii, 19-22)

Ich wandte mich und sahe

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions under the sun;

and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressor there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead, which are already dead, more than the living which are alive. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun. (Eccles. iv, 1-3)

O Tod, wie bitter

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and hath prosperity in all things, yea unto him that is able to receive meat! O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in his last age and is vexed with all things and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience!(Eccles.xli,1.

Wenn ich mit Menschen--und mit Engelszungen

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge and though I have faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; but then shall I know even as I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. (I Cor. xiii, 1-3, 12-13)

INTERMISSION

TWO SONGS FOR CONTRALTO WITH VIOLA OBBLIGATO, Op. 91

Gestillte Sehnsucht

In the twilight glow, the trees stand solemnly; birdsongs float on the breeze, murmuring the world to a peaceful sleep. Voices within me, vain yearnings, when will you rest? "When my soul no longer flies upon wings of fancy, then I will find peace." (Rückert)

Geistliches Wiegenlied

Joseph dear, help me rock my baby. Holy angels, calm the night winds in the trees, and rock my child to sleep. Tall palms of Bethlehem, why toss about so angrily? Be still, and rock my baby. This Heaven-born one bears our heavy burden. Let him sleep now, softly. Cold winds chill him, wild winds buffet him, I cannot help him. White-winged angel, still the tree-tops, and rock my child to sleep. (Lope de Vega/Geibel)

ZIGEUNERLIEDER/GYPSY SONGS, Op. 103 (Conrat)

He, Zigeuner

Gypsy, strike up the song of a faithless girl! Let your strings be full of fear and sadness, until tears burn my cheek!

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut

Rima river, why are you so forlorn? I stand mourning on the river's edge. By the rushing waters, let me weep for my love.

Wisst ihr, wenn mein Kindchen

When is my sweetheart loveliest? When her laughing lips turn up towards mine. Sweet girl, I kiss you; God made you for me alone. When do I most love my love? When he holds me tightly. Darling, I embrace you; God made you for me alone.

Lieber Gott, du weisst

O Lord, you know how often I repented the impulse of that first kiss. O Lord, you know how often I think of him. Love is sweet, repentance bitter. I will be true to him.

Brauner Bursche

A brown-eyed youth leads his blue-eyed sweetheart; His spurs clash in the Czardas. He kisses her, and leads her swirling and leaping. He throws three shining florins crashing onto the cimbalom.

Röslein dreie

Three little red roses bloom together. That a swain should love a young girl is not forbidden: dear Lord, if that were so this lovely world would cease. Singleness is a sin! Kecskemét is the prettiest town in Alföld, and there are many fine maidens. Friends, find a bride and start a family: drink the cup of happiness!

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn

Sweet love, do you recall you swore to love me always? Do not deceive me. Love me as I love you, and God will bless you.

Rote Abendwolken ziehn

Red clouds of evening drift longingly towards you. My heart is burning. The heavens glow in splendour, and day and night I dream only of my sweet love.

We regret that, owing to illness, John Newmark was unable to perform in tonight's concert.